THE RETROSPECT.

RETROSPECT

OF THE

PORTRAITS

LATELY DELINEATED

IN THE

SHORT REVIEW.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED;

WITH LARGE ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

MDCCLXXXVII.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

Harvard Co[illegible] Library,
Lord Rivers Pamphlet Collection.
Gift of Mrs. L. Bettman,
Feb. 28, 1903.

A

RETROSPECT, &c.

IN this great and complicated empire, ſeveral ſubjects of national concern are always in violent motion. Figuratively, they may be ſaid to have worked their way from the bottom of the great political deep to the ſurface. And, although they ſeem but as the bubbles of the moment, when contemplated in their probable, or followed to their poſitive conſequences, are capable of influencing the general maſs, of aggravating the public billow, and adding to the ſtorm.

That never-ending fluctuation of the political affairs of this country, partaking the changes and caprices of its atmoſphere, and varying, like the waves, their hue as the clouds paſs over them, has appoſitely enough ſupplied the above alluſion; and were we diſpoſed to wanton in the wilds of metaphor, in imitation of the pruriant Writer, whoſe trope-embroidered performance we ſhall *ſhortly review*, it were not difficult to run the ſimilitude with exactneſs, betwixt the Ocean and the State, through all the rocks, and quickſands, winds and wrecks, by which both are agitated. But, as theſe pages, introductory to other diſcuſſions, and conſecrated by honeſt zeal, to plain uſe, rather than to painted ornament, we ſhall proceed, without ſtopping to cull rhetorical flowers, and at once deſcribe the purpoſes for which we have aſſumed the retroſpective pen.

That

That the preſent juncture teems with objects of peculiar magnitude, " pith and moment," is clearly known to every member of the community; and it is no leſs obvious, that an unbounded meaſure of political good or evil, depends on their ultimate effect.

An animated Writer has ſtarted with the new year, and offered a " *Short* " *Review*" of the old one. His performance, rapid in its ſucceſs, has precipitated the uſual reſult of public favour. Two Replies have already made their appearance: and both have their ſhare and character of merit, but neither can hope to retard the wing on which the original work is ſtill flying. The ſlight battery of ironical humour, haſtily formed, and pointed with no particular force, in the one anſwer, and the ſarcaſtic, but

inefficient mixture of pleaſantry and paſſion in the other, though they might have their effect on a lighter occaſion, and againſt a leſs powerful opponent, can only, in the preſent inſtance, be conſidered as an attack of the gnat upon the lion,—the ſlighteſt motion of whoſe mane would ſhake the inſect into annihilation.

Diſpaſſionate in our eſtimate of excellence and of error, and no leſs, we truſt, diveſted of the prejudices which are too often the companions of criticiſm, we are free to confeſs, that the Author of the "Short Review" has comprehended in his performance, the principal objects at this time moſt immediately intereſting to the people of England. If in his diction there are ſome blemiſhes, there are alſo great beauties; and notwithſtanding the aſperities it has already called forth

forth—and the preſs yet teems with replications—(though ſurely none of them can boaſt the touches of a pen, which hath taught us to ANTICIPATE whatever falls from it, with expectation of excellence at once pointed and polite)—viewing the work as a favourite performance, which *may* happen independently of much ſound argument or logical reaſoning, it is, according to the wiſh of the author, reſcued from the fate of pamphlets, born "but to look about them and "to die," by general elegance of language, and energy of declamation.

Exterior decorations, indeed, theſe,

"Which play round the head, but come not to the "heart,"

and how far, unſupported by that force of truth, that unbroken conſiſtency, which can alone give ſtrength

or

or duration to any production, theſe may hope to reach poſterity, is a point will fall preſently in our way to examine. In the mean time, let us allow him full credit for much nervous expreſſion, and many glowing deſcriptions,—a combination of which illuſive excellencies, in the meaſure they are found united in this Pamphlet, and in a moment of political inflammation too, are more than ſufficient, without the aid of one accurate portrait, or clear deduction, to faſcinate the public, and create, for a time, ſome ſplendor of popularity.

Of our author's ſubjects, ſome are touched with too ſlight, and ſome with too elaborated a hand: but thus early we muſt, on a conſideration of theſe two extremes, refuſe him the praiſe to which he principally aſpires ——the praiſe of IMPARTIALITY.

Indeed,

Indeed, it is not always eaſy, through the thick miſt of intermingled eulogy and cenſure, in which he involves his favourites, at once to ſee them; but at a ſecond glance they are pervaded, and the vapour he perhaps *deſignedly* raiſed around them is diſpelled—while thoſe who are to be his victims, and who at all events are to be *devoted*, are readily diſcovered. It may be a good fineſſe, to *diſguiſe* awhile thoſe, who, are in the end, to come forth with all the luſtre we can beſtow, and to overwhelm in diſgrace—relieved only by a few ſlight palliatives, that make nothing in the general account—thoſe whom we reſolve to ſacrifice: the ſun appears but the more bright, from having been plunged in temporary clouds, and the exceſſes of darkneſs are, by the power of contraſt, but the more dreadful, for immediately

ſucceeding ſome partial corruſcations of light. In the phrenzy of politics, as in the maddening power of other paſſions, we are hurried away by the enthuſiaſm which embelliſhes our beloved object, literally raiſing it from earth to heaven, to ſhew more than juſtice to the deities of our imagination, and leſs to thoſe who are its dæmons.—In the proportion that we aggrandize the excellencies of the former, we diminiſh thoſe of the latter; and while, on a like principle, we ſoften down even the moſt confirmed vices of the one, we obliterate the virtues, and give too rough and abhorrent a form to the minuteſt failings of the other.

Conformably to the ſpirit of this ſyſtem, it is not ſtrange that we find our author, in his *flower-enamelled* Review of the year, leading us, with a ſilken

a ſilken clue, through the winding mazes of political ſophiſtry, and not infrequently loſing both his readers and himſelf in a labyrinth of inconſiſtency.

His characters may be divided into three claſſes,—the *doubtful*, the *decided*, and the *inveterate*; each partaking of the ordinary grammatic rules of compariſon.—The Sovereign, who is properly complimented with the lead in this political proceſſion, is certainly of the doubtful kind, taking his likeneſs from the portrait by our Author.

George the Third, as delineated by this Writer, appears to be a prince, who, without *any* public, and with only the ordinary private merits, is unexpectedly, as undeſervedly, by a lucky combination of circumſtances,

—ſuch as the ſally of a maniac, the follies of his ſon, and the miſconduct of his miniſters;—lifted from the abyſs of infamy, to the proudeſt eminences of fortune and of fame. The leſs happy Charles, we are told, had all his preſent majeſty's private virtues, but none of his good *luck*, to reſcue *him* from the ignominious death to which he was conſigned by his political vices. Not but that, it is manifeſt from this Reviewer's loyal reaſoning, the monarch who now unworthily poſſeſſes the regal ſeat, *deſerves* the fate of his unhappy predeceſſor, as well for the unprecedented diſgraces and calamities of his reign, as for that dire catalogue of miſchief and miſ-rule, ſpecifically ſtated in the early pages of the pamphlet. The jet of the author's * argument is this, — had it

* We ſtrain it not

not

not been for a *felicity* of *events*, entirely the *ſalvation* of the Sovereign, inſtead of his preſent *improbable popularity*, he would inevitably have been conducted, like the Royal Unfortunate, to the ſcaffold or the block; his ſceptre rudely aſſailed, and his diadem torn with indignation from his brow.

Diſmantled of its eloquence, ſuch is the ſimple and clear deduction to be made, from the blended praiſe and blame in his Majeſty's character, as depictured in the "Short Review."

Dazzled by language, and ſet off by the ſeductive allurements of flowing expreſſion, we are captivated by the charms of ſound, and detect not, at the moment, that the whole ſenſe of the deſcription amounts ſimply to this: The King owes his eſcape from the

thouſand clouds, which at different times have gathered round his throne, and threatened, as our author quaintly terms it, to have "*devaſted*" him, to a fortuitous concurrence of well-timed accidents, which could not be foreſeen :—that he is *endured* on the throne, becauſe the Son is yet worſe than the Father.—" The wicked, " compared with the more wicked, " ſeem beautiful, and not to be the " worſt, ſtands in ſome rank of " praiſe;" ſaid the unhappy King and Parent, whom the firſt of Poets has repreſented as an Engliſh Monarch.—That we are reconciled to the deep ruin into which he has plunged the empire, becauſe it is not expected, a coronation would produce a change for the better ; and, in fine, that all orders of Britons, overwhelmed, as he deſcribes them to be, with debt, loaded by taxes, curtailed of their fair proportions by the loſs of colo-

colonies, the deſtruction of fleets, and the flight of armies;—have made up their minds to that accommodating axiom in philoſophy, which pronounces it wiſdom as well as policy, to chooſe a leſs evil in preference of a greater.

And is there an individual in this land, after this fair and candid analyſis of our author's own ſentiments, can preſume to call the Short Reviewer a friend of his Majeſty?—ſince the day of Junius, there has never been levelled at the preſent poſſeſſor of the throne a ſatire ſo intenſe. We have denominated it a deſcription of the doubtful kind; but the reader is aware, it is only to be ſo conſidered, till the parts have been ſeparately examined; after which, it *inveterately* turns out to be the darkeſt, the moſt unſatisfactory character, and that which has the leaſt "reliſh of

"ſal-

" ſalvation in it," of any in the whole book.—It is the character of a Monarch, tolerably good, in common with millions of his ſubjects, as a domeſtic man, who loves his wife and family; but who, as a King, as the Chief Magiſtrate of a great, perhaps the *greateſt* people, has ſurvived the deſtruction of his empire, and whoſe throne is fixed in its very aſhes: who neither in the former or latter parts of his reign, has done any thing remarkable, except making a bad peace, and throwing down the altar of victory, and trampling on the imperial eagle; and is poorly content to derive the advantageous poſition in which he at this day appears to his ſubjects, to every thing adventitious, to nothing intrinſic.

The limit and the diſpatch we mean ſtill to obſerve in regard to the publication of theſe ſheets, allow us not

leiſure or time, to offer a more accurate and more confirmed portrait of this Prince; but, we here pledge ourſelves to that public, who have ſo highly honoured our haſty ſketches—ſpeedily to exhibit an original painting of his Majeſty at full length, and taken from the life—leſs gaudy, perhaps, in the colouring than that of the vivid but unſubſtantial delineator, whoſe pencil has recently attracted curioſity, but certainly leſs ambiguouſly ſhaded, leſs undefined, and more *abſolute* in the characteriſtic features that mark the monarch and the man.

In the mean time let us paſs on to the *next* portrait, which, though artfully uſhered in by ſome dexterity of compliment, is evidently drawn by an *inveterate* hand.

The Prince of Wales, in point of perſonal attraction, juſtifies the magnificent,

nificent, the almoſt Oriental deſcription with which he is introduced by our author. But can any man forbear to reprobate the motive with which all this preliminary decoration is beſtowed? The compliments to the Prince's perſon, is to give a more potent effect to the cenſure which ſucceeds them, as the moſt virulent poiſons are diſguiſed by ſtrewing ſweets on their ſurface. No ſooner does the Heir Apparent of our Empire, ſeem, as it were, to bloom under the Reviewer's pencil, and to bear his "bluſhing honours thick "upon him," than we find him in an inſtant ſtript of all by vices of the deadlieſt nature——ingratitude, debauchery, evil connections, and filial diſobedience. No ſooner has the author raiſed a fair and goodly fabric, and graced the ſuperſtructure with every alluring ornament, than we are

ſcarce

ſcarce allowed time to gaze and expreſs our admiration, ere it is levelled with the duſt by the hand which raiſed it, and we are told, that its foundations were in the ſand.

The real cauſes of domeſtic alienation have in all ſituations been difficult to aſcertain, but more eſpecially in palaces. Wherever many ſeparate intereſts convolve, and are at work, ſome undermining and ſome openly, much diſguiſe is inevitable, and little truth ſhould be *expected*; an endleſs variety of contradictory rumour is given of the ſame circumſtance; and although truth *can* be told accurately but one way, the current ſtory of a Court ſerpentines into a thouſand curves, and the direct fact, by being bent different ways according to the different intereſts of the reporters, acquires the more crookedneſs the

more it is diſperſed: like an entangled chain, pulled with violence in oppoſite directions, it receives a twiſt from every hand, the difficulty multiplies, its tortuoſity becomes confirmed, till, like the Gordian knot, it is pronounced indiſſoluble.

But, independent on *this* difficulty, it ſeems to o'erſtep the bound of delicacy, for any individual, in a public manner, thus to pronounce with deciſion of the right and wrong, fame, and infamy, of a temporary breach between the Sovereign and his Son. Shall we be told, that, in a Government like this, enjoying without reſtraint every liberty of thought and of expreſſion, the greateſt as the meaneſt member of the community, is amenable to a fair and vigorous ſcrutiny? We feel, we triumph in the diſtinction of theſe privileges. They form

form the Charter of our land, and may they be for ever uninvaded! We ſhall one day, and that not remote, have occaſion to avail *ourſelves* of the Britiſh Prerogative, and will then claim the ſuffrage in its full extent, as a glorious inheritance: but amidſt the boldeſt career of enquiry and inveſtigation, a cautious and tender delineation of the diſtreſs which divides the Royal Manſion *againſt itſelf*, is a conduct at once juſt and generous.

The breach at Buckingham-Houſe, although a private, is a boſom wound, in the healing of which, the public are perhaps more nearly and deeply intereſted than our remonſtrating author may ſuppoſe. In a ſtate where, from the nature and ſpirit of the government, every man aſſerts his freedom, and boldly avows his principles, the reigning Monarch and the

more it is diſperſed: like an entangled chain, pulled with violence in oppoſite directions, it receives a twiſt from every hand, the difficulty multiplies, its tortuoſity becomes confirmed, till, like the Gordian knot, it is pronounced indiſſoluble.

But, independent on *this* difficulty, it ſeems to o'erſtep the bound of delicacy, for any individual, in a public manner, thus to pronounce with deciſion of the right and wrong, fame, and infamy, of a temporary breach between the Sovereign and his Son. Shall we be told, that, in a Government like this, enjoying without reſtraint every liberty of thought and of expreſſion, the greateſt as the meaneſt member of the community, is amenable to a fair and vigorous ſcrutiny? We feel, we triumph in the diſtinction of theſe privileges. They form

form the Charter of our land, and may they be for ever uninvaded! We ſhall one day, and that not remote, have occaſion to avail *ourſelves* of the Britiſh Prerogative, and will then claim the ſuffrage in its full extent, as a glorious inheritance: but amidſt the boldeſt career of enquiry and inveſtigation, a cautious and tender delineation of the diſtreſs which divides the Royal Manſion *againſt itſelf*, is a conduct at once juſt and generous.

The breach at Buckingham-Houſe, although a private, is a boſom wound, in the healing of which, the public are perhaps more nearly and deeply intereſted than our remonſtrating author may ſuppoſe. In a ſtate where, from the nature and ſpirit of the government, every man aſſerts his freedom, and boldly avows his principles, the reigning Monarch and the

Heir Apparent, when arrived at manhood, are two auguſt luminaries, of nearly the ſame luſtre; one hath the promiſing freſhneſs of the orient, and the other the confirmed potency of a meridian ſun; and as both are deſtined to ſhine in the ſame hemiſphere, it is for the peace and ſecurity of the people who live under their influence, that each moves in its own orbit, without verging on the other; and that, like friendly planets, "borrow-"ing and giving radiance," they ſhould maintain their ſtation, to delight and to bleſs, and not, like rival meteors, to affright and deſolate mankind.

Reſpecting the preſent difference, is our word-adorned declaimer ſo little read in the hiſtory of the youthful heart, as to believe his rude aſperities, candied over as they are with unmeaning

meaning compliment,—a few roſe-leaves mixed with bundles of helle-bore and aconite, — will draw to-gether the divided bonds of peace? Are they not rather calculated to eſta-bliſh diſunion by aggravating the rage of faction, and ſtirring up the almoſt dormant ſpirit of party? And on this impartial view of the interfer-ence, does not every conſiderate man, every loyal ſubject, riſe up to diſ-countenance that indecent rigour of condemnation which has a tendency to aggravate the effect by reviving the cauſe? It foments the diſcords that have already gone abroad, and with an officious zeal, under the maſk of candour,—more infern than open averſion,—diſſeminates amongſt the people an *idea* of the darkeſt and moſt unnatural crimes ſubſiſting in the boſom of a youth, who is proba-bly deſtined one day to mount the

throne; and who might aſcend it under prejudices, merely to ſpangle the ſentiment, and ſwell the periods of that florid declaimer, whoſe deteſtation—the only point in which he is impartial—attacks with equal rancour the Father and the Son.

It is the nature of vigilant malice, and conſonant to the bitterneſs of party, to pick up with eagerneſs, and to circulate with wicked celerity, every fugitive *whiſper* that floats within the infected horizon of a Court. Idly inſignificant perhaps at firſt, it might die away like other vapours; but a ſort of courtly cameleons, who hover round a palace, ſoon change its inoffenſive ſpirit, and corrupt its very nature, till—as the contagion ſpreads with more than electrical quickneſs — the Empire breathes amidſt poiſons and putrefaction.

Shame

Shame to the genuine and wholeſome ſpirit of Truth! Whilſt this is the practice — whilſt the ſycophant, like the toad, thrives in filth, and owes his very exiſtence to the dark and nauſeous track he makes in his paſſage over the faireſt ſcenes and objects of nature, which he delights to ſtain—whilſt this is at once his buſineſs and his bread—O execrable morſel, yet eat by indurated vileneſs without a pang—with a Satanic kind of joy—what conduct that is laudable, or what character that is illuſtrious, may hope to eſcape the envenomed pollution? Every plain fact thus fraudulently diſtorted, neither the natural affections, the repoſe of families, the ſoft bonds that unite child and parent, or ſuſtain the hope and pride of a nation, can ſtand ſure? Were we to give credit to every paſſing anecdote, what improbable and monſtrous tales,

with

with which every hour is pregnant, muſt we not believe? Every moment has its ſlander, and the Court infect, for ever on the wing, is buſied in collecting venom.

" Deſtroy his web of ſophiſtry? In vain:
" The creature's at his dirty work again."

Even at this inſtant, were we diſpoſed to credit lightly every peſtilential report, we might think it poſſible—for ſuch things have been ſaid—that our gracious Sovereign,—educated in palaces, and, of neceſſity, paſſing his life in the habitual ceremonies of an exalted ſtation,—could ſo far forget the uſual and indiſpenſible forms of every prince, and of every gentleman in public, as not only to refuſe, but to ſpurn at, and turn indignant from, a due mark of reverence and filial obedience, ſhewn him by his royal Son, in the very ſtreets of this metropolis.--Away with

ſuch

ſuch detractions—To admit them a moment as facts, would be to receive into the mind a combination of all that is great and ſupreme in ſituation, with all that is low, inferior, and plebeian in manners. It is liberal to cloſe the ear, and almoſt to diſpute the eyes on ſuch ſubjects; and it is a condeſcenſion far below the dignity of the hiſtoric, and unworthy the urbanity of the moral writer, or of the true politician, who, as a fervent lover of his country, is a real philanthropiſt, to ſtoop from the elevations of an enlarged underſtanding, and a comprehenſive mind, to caſt a dark ſhadow over the ſunſhine of youth, to give its actions the moſt malignant conſtruction, and to propheſy, from a few unexplained appearances, that they proceed from depravity of heart, and defect of principle. If ſuch inſinuations do

not endanger both the public and private tranquillity—if they do not tend to looſen and ſnap aſunder the moſt inviolable and tender ties—if they do not exaſperate the eſtranged heart, and cloſe yet more faſt the alienated hand—if they are not, in themſelves, a departure from that ſacred and primeval law—written by the finger not only of nature, but of nature's God, which has promiſed bleſſedneſs to the *peace-makers*—if, in fine, ſuch deprecated malice, varniſhed by the outward ſhews of piety, and bearing on the ſurface the well imitated gloſs of loyalty and patriotiſm, be not eſtabliſhing *the rival factions of the father and the ſon*, we know not what is. The obvious indiſcretion, and latent *deſign*, of ſuch inflammatory ſuggeſtions, is feebly ſoftened off by our Author's unmeaning prayers and appeals to Heaven, in which metaphor

is

is involved in metaphor, modern criticiſm is met by claſſic alluſion; and the names of Brunſwick and Plantagenet, of George and Henry, Cato and Pertinax, Severus and Lord North, the Probationary Odes, and the Prætorian Guards, are joſtled againſt each other.

In reſpect to the *Connexion*, which our Author conceives to have given a *final* wound to the Prince's imagined unpopularity,—the "extraordinary, "nameleſs, ambiguous, enigmatical, "and undefined" *union*, which, he aſſerts, in the wiſhes, ſurely, of his heart, rather than the belief of his underſtanding, has compelled the noble youth to deſcend from that ſacred and precious ſeat,—the fond partiality of a great people.—Notwithſtanding this elaborated ſtring of myſtic epithets, and the ſolemn pomps of introduction,

the Author is not, cannot be, ſo feebly armed with a knowledge of the parliamentary powers of this land, os with the conſtitutional laws of hir country,—if, indeed, the Author of a pamphlet fraught with Gallic idioms, be a native of this iſland—as not to ſee the *limit* and exact boundary of the deprecated miſchief, to which the "ſtrange ſcene" he has ſo tragically written, *can* extend.—He is aware, that there is the beſt, the ſtrongeſt reaſon, why mankind, in turning its eyes on this tranſaction, cannot tremble to explore; but it is amongſt the arts of popular haranguers, and has often had its meaſure of ſucceſs, to hoodwink the reaſon by alarming the paſſions; and fear, being the beſt engine to work upon the multitude, to excite an apprehenſion, and then leave it to operate, is an old ſtratagem, and has generally anſwered—for terror,

ror, when it firſt ſeizes on the mind, is ſtronger than the ſtrongeſt argument, and often, with the populace, ſupplies its place.

The ſecret of the alliance is, perhaps, long likely to remain a pledge and a depoſit in the Prince's boſom; and we ſhould allow ſome ſcope to youthful predilection. Shrined by love in its ſanctuary, he may know it to be tenderneſs, think it principle, or feel it honour, *not* to divulge what he holds in *truſt*,—whether ſimply by a tenure of the heart, or, as far as forms and ceremonies *can* confirm it, by ratification of the hand. How far the delicate reſerves of youthful attachment in a ſon, ſometimes graceful in exceſs, are, or are not, compatible with the expectation of unbounded confidence in the parent; or how far the latter may, in a reaſonable degree,

be

be obeyed, while the former, under particular circumſtances, may be, in a like proportion indulged, are points that ſeem very wide from the wiſh, or indeed the neceſſity of becoming *public queſtions*, or of requiring *public anſwers*: but any way, we cannot enter for a moment into the ſpirit of the Short Reviewer's religious or civil apprehenſions. It is ſtill, in our opinion, a private, family, domeſtic affair confined within the precincts of Buckingham-Houſe, and not even extending to St. James's palace. The difference will be beſt ſettled by time and nature: it is every way immaterial, we conceive, to the preſent or to future ages; and the ſentiment of diſapprobation and contempt, of reſentment and ridicule, which our Incendiary ſo laviſhly hurls at the Prince, may be retorted on himſelf.

In the relation which an Heir Apparent ſtands to the ruling Sovereign, eſpecially if, as in the preſent inſtance, they include the cloſe alliances of ſon and parent, in whatever *degree*, and from whatever *cauſe* any differences ariſe, it is not more, as we have already obſerved, for the happineſs of the royal family, than it is for the proſperity of the people, and good order of the Empire, that the only argument and language made uſe of ſhould be *conciliatory*,—the blame ſhould not, with a raſh hand, be heaped on *either* party; but, breathing the wiſh of honeſt men, and loyal ſubjects, the kindred hearts ſhould be left open to thoſe benign impreſſions, which will do more, much more towards an accommodation, than all the eloquence of Tully, flaſhed amidſt the thunders of Demoſthenes.

Supe-

Superior to the ſervility of adulation, which we reject with at leaſt as generous a ſcorn as the author of the Short Review, we aſſert, that the Prince of Wales would gain conſiderably from a Retroſpect of his character. And although we deſign not now to enter into a detail of it, we will retouch a few of thoſe marking traits, which are ſo rudely etched, and darkly coloured in the portrait before us, in ſupport of our aſſertion, that it is *inveterately unlike*.

His Royal Highneſs is a youth of glowing emotions, vivid paſſions, and ardent imagination. His "levities and "intemperances," as they are called in the Review, though not perhaps univerſally the neceſſary, are generally the natural effect of high ſpirits, and buoyant health, favoured by *unbounded opportunity*, and ſolicited both by

the inclination, and the power to gratify. The being environed by ſplendor, reſulting from youth and royal dignity, is one of the greateſt difficulties in the way of his acquiring that very ſobriety, ſo much enforced by our Author; and if his being "placed on "an eminence ſo high above mankind, "leads us to view his actions and ex-"ceſſes through a favorable medium," it induces us alſo to ſee thoſe exceſſes more clearly, and to criticiſe them more intenſely: but without compelling the conqueror of Agincourt into compariſon with the heir of the Britiſh monarchy, or tracking their ſimilarity through clouds and ſhadows, in the manner of our *pictureſque* politician, we ſhall in leſs ornamented language, obſerve, that many inſtances are on the page of hiſtory, beſides that which records the juvenile indiſcretions and maturer

virtues of the fifth Henry, of noble and illuſtrious young men, who, in their early days, have ſtarted from the proſcribed line of meaſured conduct, and yet, ere they have attained their prime, have, like Alcides, revolted from pleaſure, and attached themſelves to virtue. There is an ingenuouſneſs in youth, which makes theſe examples not rare; but in ſpeaking of the Prince of Wales in particular, there is a circumſtance,—one bright and immortal paſſage in his life,—which our Reviewer has, in common prudence, forborne to mention; he dared not cenſure, and he would not praiſe. It is almoſt ſuperfluous to ſay, we allude to his voluntary devotion of half his income, to the full, undeducted diſcharge of his debts. One of the ordinary effects of diſſipation, is the fraudulent uſe of other people's *property*; and the want of

œco-

œconomy, is too often attended with the want of *principle*. In this reſpect,—and ſay, thou cenſor, who—unlike the Judge of earth and heaven, haſt been ſo *extreme* to mark what has been done amiſs,—is it not an *important* paſſage?—The Prince, who is ſaid to have degraded himſelf in the eyes of a diſcerning, a loyal, and an impartial people, and who has deſcended from the proud eminence on which he is placed, has ſet an example to all the youth, who not only ſurround the *ſucceſſor* to the throne, but who ſurround the *throne itſelf*. If it indeed be true,—at a future day this too ſhall be examined—that he has formed his neareſt connexions of familiarity and intimacy from the moſt obſcure and *unprincipled* individuals of the capital, he has in this—we are warranted by the awful voice of juſtice to call it—*glorious* inſtance,

ſhewn them how much his worſt companions may be the better and *honeſter* men for the honour of his ſociety, by imitating his conduct. It were devoutly to be wiſhed, that colder tempers, and more pauſing diſpoſitions, with twenty winters of more froſt in their hearts, in very pre-eminent ſtations too, could boaſt an equal honeſty. We defy the moſt diligent malignity, and it is an active power, to produce ſuch an example of any young man, protected, as the Prince of Wales evidently is, by his rank from perſonal danger, vehement and enthuſiaſtic in the purſuit of pleaſure, aſſailed by every temptation, and, to borrow a few civil words and handſome expreſſions from our Reviewer himſelf,—whom we love to quote when he indulges himſelf in the *novelty* of doing juſtice to the man he hates—" decorated, as the Prince

is, with all the graces of perſonal elegance; endowed even with the powers of pleaſing, and capacities of a convivial and ſocial kind, not inferior to thoſe ſo much admired in Charles the Second;—affable, even to familiarity,—addicted to the enjoyment of the table, and certainly, not inſenſible to the charms of beauty, and the ſeductions which accompany it"—we defy the moſt predetermined malice to produce an example, of any man ſo ſituated, ſo equipped, ſo circumſtanced, acting on ſuch a *principle* —that did not *ultimately* reward the moſt ſanguine expectations, and prove himſelf a delight to his family, an honour to his connexions, and a bleſſing to his people. Nor is this all; there is yet another inſtance, which Honeſty and Virtue is proud to record, in the juvenile hiſtory of this illuſtrious youth,—his having, in the

the fulleſt power to reliſh the enjoyments ariſing from magnificence and princely ſplendor, ſuſpended all his projects of greatneſs, ſhut up the gates of his unfiniſhed palace, and literally, like poor Lear, "diſmiſſed fifty of his "followers at a ſtroke," reduced himſelf in all reſpects, to the dimenſions of a private gentleman, by a voluntary ſacrifice of half his narrow income, to ſatisfy every demand that can be fairly brought upon him; rather than make a claim (as great as unqueſtionable, and the poſſeſſion of which, would have more than liquidated every debt) for the accumulated arrears of the duchy of Cornwall during his minority, amounting to ſome hundred thouſand pounds, excluſive of deep intereſt, which would have almoſt doubled the requiſition, and which found their way into the coffers of his Majeſty.—Was not this filial,—

was

was not this dutiful and affectionate? Say, ye parents, who after a thouſand good offices, have known how much

"Sharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
"To have a thankleſs Child!"

Come forward, and judging as Fathers feel, decide upon this action. And wherefore ſhould not ſuch a Prince, ſuch a Son, brighten the proſpect of that generous people, who may one day become his ſubjects?—Why may they not expect, that hiſtory ſhall rank him amongſt thoſe, (with whom the Reviewer has pronounced, our gracious Sovereign can never mix)—the few choſen and immortal ſpirits, raiſed up by Providence in her bounty, for the felicity and admiration of mankind?—Why may not our youthful Heir, to one of the faireſt and richeſt empires of the civilized

civilized earth, be hereafter placed in company with the Patriots—we had almoſt ſaid the *Patriarchs*—of Rome, Trajan, Antoninus, and Aurelius?—from whoſe ſociety, our Reviewer likewiſe,—in the ſame ſpirit of inhibition, reſolved to ſhut the gates not only of preſent honour, but even of poſt-mortuary mercy—excludes his Majeſty.

How far this furious excommunication from every princely aſſociate, and elyſian proſpect after death, denounced, like a papal anathema, againſt George the Third is deſerved, will be ſeen in OUR royal Portrait of that Prince, which ſhall reflect, as a mirror, the image of his reign.

We have already obſerved, and we now repeat our fixed opinion, judging of the parental feelings, as they are warmly operating in our own boſoms,

boſoms, and as we have appealed to them in the boſoms of others, that, were the royal Father's mind left to meditate and ſettle on theſe amiable traits in the portrait of his Son—and the Son ſuffered to commune with his own heart, without officious intervention, that ſublime and primæval inſtinct, which as a vital principle, prompts the child to appreciate the parent, and the parent to love and to embrace its offspring, through all the connections of nature—(and even according to the Reviewer,—albeit not uſed to the melting mood, when he addreſſes the Majeſty of England—no *poor peaſant* is more diſtinguiſhed than George the Third for domeſtic virtues?)—they would *both* naturally and ſpeedily heal that wound, which thoſe who may call themſelves the Phyſicians of the body politic, who, like thoſe of the body corporeal, have

an intereſt in keeping the patient in a ſtate betwixt health and ſickneſs, are thus probing, and tearing open.

We have been the more copious on the ſubject of his Royal Highneſs, becauſe it has been, we perceive, a *meditated point* with the author of the Review, to give *his* portrait a *determined* diſtortion; and we think it of great importance, that the Son of our Sovereign ſhould not be thought baſely deſtitute, either of the benign and kindly affections, or of that decent and filial veneration, which is the baſis of every virtue.

In regard to the gaieties of his life, whoever is really and diſpaſſionately willing, and able, to ſpeculate upon human events, and eſpecially to examine with faithful ſcrutiny into the characters of Princes who have after-

wards become Kings, will find that the beſt, the wiſeſt, and the moſt popular Monarchs, of every age and country, have been thoſe who were of an open, unſuſpicious, and ſometimes romantic diſpoſition; while thoſe, on the contrary, of a more cold and ſaturnine temper, folded up as it were within themſelves, and, conſidering their period of life, almoſt *unnaturally* circumſpect—too phlegmatic for genuine attachment — too cautious for generous paſſion—their boſoms deeply iced over by reſerve, and the ſelfiſh timidity that attends a *deliberating* young man—have generally, if not invariably, turned out, inſtead of the Henrys and Georges, the Catilines and Borgias of the land.

The SOVEREIGN OF PRUSSIA is, in the eſtimate of our literary limner, as much elevated above, as the Heir

Apparent to the Britiſh empire is degraded below the ſtandard of his merits. With ungovernable eulogy, and the deepeſt tones and emphaſis of praiſe, to the one he has given every ſublime endowment of the human mind, and with as rigid a virulence, in all the ſternneſs of a pencil, raiſed to caricature an *object deteſted*, he has ſtripped the other of every internal charm, and allowed him only what he could not take away, a fair and amiable exterior—the mere drapery of the picture. There is little truth of drawing in either character.

That the genius of Frederic was ſtrong, and his exertions unwearied—that his civil endowments were not few, and that his military atchievements were many—that, comparatively with monarchs who ſtarve the arts, and ſay ye Ingenious, are there not ſuch

ſuch on Thrones?—he was their patron — comparatively too with the wretched literary effuſions of our eight Henry, and James, he was not a very contemptible writer—that he was idolized by the ſoldiery, and juſtly claimed (in a reſtricted ſenſe of the word, having reference neither to humanity or religion) the admiration of Europe, we readily allow. Not only impartial poſterity, but the preſent times will admit it: yet the ſame meaſure of praiſe has been equally due to various other regal deſtroyers of their ſpecies—Kings, whoſe inſatiable ambition has extinguiſhed every ſentiment in the train of pity and human feeling. But if our author had been diſpoſed to range with freedom into the regiſter of times paſt, this laviſh incenſe at the ſhrine of a foreign prince—whoſe proweſs in arms, activity in public, and embelliſhment

in

in private life, were lamentably done away by his confirmed diſlike to, if not antipathy of, that ſex which refines and improves ſociety—as well as by his avarice of dominion.—— The Short Reviewer, we ſay, need not to have reſorted to the Continent for the object of a more ſanctioned idolatry—the Britiſh annals would have afforded a race of monarchs with far ſuperior claims to the gratitude, the wonder and enthuſiaſm of mankind. The beſt, wiſeſt, and braveſt of our Edwards and Henrys—the decorated, the all-accompliſhed Alfred, that delight of his friends, and the chaſtiſer of his enemies—Prince, poet, philoſopher, hero, and Chriſtian.

Do we not look back through the medium of years, upon the characters and reigns of theſe immortal ſpirits, with conſcious pride and kindred glory?

glory?—the ſwords of theſe patterns of the earth, and examples to all its potentates, were always drawn with reluctance, and ſheathed with joy.

" Look now on theſe pictures, and on this."

May we not continue the language of the injured and heart-broken Heir of Denmark, and exclaim—is he not

" as a mildew'd ear
" Blaſting his wholeſome brothers?"

Neither in military, nor regal, nor civil, nor political abilities, was our author's deified monarch the unparalleled wonder, as our author's erring imagination (which ſeems to be miraculouſly *gifted* in the creation of gods or dæmons) may have taught him to believe. Ten years of anxious curioſity, and infinitely varied opportunities of gratifying it by indiſputable means, have inſtructed us to ſpeak with

with ſome deciſion of this regal phænomenon of modern times; and with boldneſs and energy, but reſtrained by candour, and ſuperior to prejudice, we have begun and will go on to complete his character. His clemency in peace was ſometimes great, his ſavage barbarity in war was generally exceſſive; and ſome of his ſacrifices, though finely gloſſed over by our partial author, might have extorted a tear of compaſſion, and worked a bluſh of ſhame into the ſable cheeks of the wildeſt American. His exceſſes in Saxony, and in Bohemia, ſo far from finding palliation in military expediency or political exigence, muſt have proceeded from a ſtrong *principle* of inhumanity; the tortures, the groans, the violations, the piercing ſhrieks that were heard on that deathful and barbarous day, may be forgotten, may be even applauded

on

on earth, but we fear cannot but be remembered in Heaven. The horrid deeds which were then perpetrated, cannot even find their excuſes in the fluſh of a virgin victory; for his Pruſſian Majeſty was bred to blood, and nurſed in ſlaughter. It muſt have been the *ſentiment*, the very *appetite* of a mind glorying in carnage—and even in thoſe times, when he had full leiſure to conſult what our author called the elegance of his genius, had he not been a warrior and a King, he might have lived and died without diſtinction, and without regret. It is dreadful to wade through the bloody annals of his life, or it were eaſy to adduce in proof a ſanguinary inſtance in every page; and if it be true what our Reviewer aſſerts, which is a little problematical, that no ſcaffold ſtreamed in Berlin for near half a century, the ſlow, but equally ſure arts of torture,

calamity, agony, and death, were frequently practiſed in his dominions under the royal ſignature. Yet *this* is the Monarch ſo far elevated above the great ones of the globe; and while the Heir Apparent of this iſland, and its fair appendages, can find no ſhelter in our author's opinion, from the contempt and ridicule of the people of England: and while the Britiſh Monarch himſelf is, by this * Denunciator, declared to be ſaved from ignominious death, by a train of accidents, as well-timed as ill-merited, this perturbic hero, who had been doing incredible havoc for ſix and forty years, has, it ſeems, left him a name, which muſt endure and augment in celebrity, as long as man poſſeſſes a capa-

* Who, to uſe the nervous language of Pope,

" Deals damnation round the land, on each he
" deems his foe."

city

city of perpetuating or tranſmitting any teſtimony of his own exiſtence—to which *inflation of ſound*, we ſhall only ſay, in the words of a writer, whoſe pen ſtirred up the ſoul to the melting charities—" One tear ſhed in private " over the unfortunate is worth it " all."

Before we paſs further on, let us ſtop to notice our brilliant Reviewer's *inconſiſtency*, a characteriſtic error that prevails throughout his pamphlet. He gives to his Majeſty, with great juſtice, the higheſt merit for thoſe very virtues, which in a Portland, a Sidney, and a Carmarthen, he conſiders as having no title whatever, to the placing them " above the limits " of a vulgar fate;"—though they are to ſecure for the Sovereign no unworthy compartment in the temple of departed monarchs.—Conſiſtency

is the very ſoul of excellence in literature, as in life; and even ſophiſts and ſyſtem-mongers would do well to ſtudy it. There is not any quality confers ſo much force, either on a compoſition or a character: we have ſeen an hypotheſis raiſed like bulwarks of braſs, apparently defying the powers of time, and, as it were, commanding immortality, falling to atoms in a moment, for the want of this foundation.—Conſiſtency is even more neceſſary to ſupport wrong, than to maintain right. We would ſeriouſly recommend the adoption of it to our Reviewer, when he reſumes the pen to complete that picture, of which he has already traced, with an elegant, but imperfect and uncandid hand, the outline.

THE MARQUIS OF CARMARTHEN, hath deſervedly eſtabliſhed a character

racter ſo amiable, a mind ſo entirely good, a heart ſo liberal, and an underſtanding by no means incompetent to his ſituation, or to any exertions it may require, common juſtice requires, that ſuch an aſſemblage of private and public excellencies meeting in one Man, ſhould be vindicated from this plauſible Libeller, who has, no doubt, conſiderable talents for the hyperbole, both of defamation and flattery. It is well known, for it has been proved, that to probity and good intentions, the reſpectable nobleman above-mentioned adjoins thoſe very talents, and that very application, which mark him from the croud

"Adorn'd with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,"

men, who compoſe the ſhewy cyphers, and well-dreſſed mutes of a court, whoſe principal buſineſs is to make their bows at the royal apartments,

ments, and then bow out again. Without owing his preſervation from oblivion to the reflected radiance of Mr. Pitt,—whoſe immenſe light——himſelf a ſun,—capacious and ſublime enough to ſhed a glory round the political horizon of 1787,—and whoſe attracting powers of eloquence and argument we ſubſcribe to, as warmly as our Author; though, perhaps, we may one day retouch, with additional truth, certain traits even in this portrait.—The Marquis of Carmarthen, we inſiſt, hath a luſtre of his own,—unborrowed of this Sun;——and it is unjuſt, to involve him in the *train* of any other man, to gild his virtues, or to illuminate his abilities. The energy is in him, to come forth on the preſſure of any exigence "himſelf alone:" Nor are there wanting inſtances, well-remembered, of his firmneſs and diſcernment,

ment, as an honeſt man, and as an able ſenator. But was not our Author, even at the moment of writing, impreſſed with the like conviction? Was it not a refinement in the turn of his Atlantean compliment to the prime Miniſter, to ſacrifice, by way of ſwelling the auguſt ſolemnities of the triumph, the two Secretaries of State at the ſhrine of the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Whatever might be the motive, we think more worthily of the man, whoſe character he has, in ſome reſpects, ſo ſublimely drawn:—we have conceived, even from better teſtimony than our Reviewer's deſcriptions, more exalted ſentiments of Mr. Pitt, than to ſuppoſe he can be gratified—to believe, he can be otherwiſe than *diſguſted*, with ſeeing two of the moſt reſpectable Nobles of the realm, offered up as victims before him; for, we truſt,

that the Miniſter would be amongſt the foremoſt to confeſs, that ſo far from meriting to be exhibited at the altar of adulation, the name and character of Carmarthen ſhall be perpetuated, while public abilities and private embelliſhments, combined with every endearing virtue that can grace the Friend, the Companion, and the Son, ſhall continue to make impreſſions on the minds of men.

In regard to the Commercial Treaty, denominated, with great propriety, by our Author "a vaſt gulph of po-"litical and commercial ſpeculation," —pregnant with unknown and unaſcertained benefits or injuries to this country, and producing in one great act, a complete revolution in the ſyſtem adopted by England during ſeveral ages; we embrace the preſent opportunity of announcing to the Public

lic our deſign, of preparing for its conſideration, our ſedate and well-digeſted inquiries, opinions and ſentiments on that complicated, and almoſt preternatural project, from whence, ſo far from thinking with our Author, it comes in a queſtionable ſhape, we feel ourſelves juſtified to prognoſticate, as we think we ſhall be ſtrongly and incontrovertibly prepared to prove, —notwithſtanding the parliamentary objections, that in daily torrents are pouring along,—without the imputation of temerity, that the reciprocation of benefits and bleſſings ſhall be expanded from realm to realm, to a degree never ſuppoſed attainable by human dexterity, betwixt nations hitherto invariably jealous, hoſtile, and almoſt inveterate againſt each other.—That this new and untried channel *may* be opened, we all powerfully feel,—not only for commercial activity, enterprize, and

induſtry, but for all the endearing charities of life, for cementing the too long divided bonds of peace,—for planting the immortal olive, as the pledge of affection, inſtead of the ſanguinary laurel, as the ſymbol of antipathy;—for preſerving through centuries the ſpirit and act of good-will amongſt *men*, who will loſe all the low and miſerable diſtinctions of different lands, and different languages, and ſmile and proſper in the interchange of good offices;—embracing the intereſts and happineſs of Europe as in a zone,—and perhaps of the civilized earth:—for who may preſume to ſay, how far the effects of this Treaty of univerſal friendſhip and amity may extend?—It may prove the true *ſocial Compact*; bounded only, in its ſoftening influence, by ſavage life, and even *that* it may gradually humanize:—but, above all things,

things, for the diminution, if not extirpation, of that hydra calamity—that terrible political ſcourge—the deſolating Genius of War;—to whoſe vulture appetite of blood, more human beings, than are at this time in motion upon the face of the habitable globe, have, at different times, by human beings been *murdered!*——Heroes may ſoften down the term, by calling it honourable death, but the Philanthropiſt, who, as a man, feels for men, and perhaps thinks, few objects of ambition have juſtified bloodſhed, or the cutting a ſingle throat, muſt perſiſt in calling it murder.—The very *idea* of accompliſhing objects like theſe, muſt have originated in a mind, which had higher hopes and nobler deſigns, than any advantages of trade, however great and abundant they may prove. If the ſacred names of Religion and Piety may be hazard-

ed, in the diſcuſſion of a political ſubject, we ſhould ſay, that the Miniſter who planned this *work of loving-kindneſs*, as well as national *intereſt*, muſt not only be a refined Stateſman, but that which ſhall enſure his triumph and everlaſting felicity, when the ſubtleſt ſtratagems of policy are no more remembered, and when empires themſelves, like their potentates, are crumbled in duſt,—a good CHRISTIAN.—The ſpirit of a virtuous man, little ſhort of what,—without the charge of fanaticiſm,—may be called inſpiration, ſeems to move upon the face of this heaven-directed Treaty: and we will not for a moment enter into our Author's notion, that, on the part of our negociating neighbours, the offered hand is ſtretched halfway acroſs the waters, from the cliffs which bound us, to diſguiſe any ſiniſter deſigns of the hearts, which

which ſeem naturally gliding into uniſon.

There is a criſis for all revolutions: May the preſent moment be that which is to kindle a ſincere and *generous*, as well as a *profitable* attachment betwixt France and England! May it extinguiſh the hereditary, and almoſt as we feared, *immortal* hate of rival nations! And may univerſal brotherhood be the reſult!

As we propoſe ſpeedily to lay before the public "A Comparative "View of the Miniſtry and the Mi-"nority," we poſtpone to that period taking an obſervation of thoſe effulgent luminaries Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, and many other illuſtrious by oppoſition, as well as of thoſe humbler ſatellites, who, to uſe our Reviewer's expreſſion, but with more

appoſiteneſs, "muſt be preſerved from "oblivion by mixing in their radi-"ance," we will cloſe, therefore, our preſent curſory ſketches with ſome obſervations on that great immediate ſubject of political rhapſody and reprobation Mr. Haſtings— whoſe portrait our reviewer has touched with a powerful, but not, we think, ſufficiently enlarged a pencil.

It is indeed a difficult taſk, to give an accurate and unexceptionable drawing of the late Governor General of Bengal. The two great and oppoſite powers of affection and antipathy are at work upon him; each heated into an extremity, and both armed with determination, there ſeems to be left between them no middle ſpace for intermediate ſafety or reputation; we are taught to expect nothing ſhort of eternal honour, or enormous delinquency. By

By the one party it is inſiſted, Mr. Haſtings will unqueſtionably turn out the worſt and vileſt, the moſt baſe, the moſt brutalized of the human race; and by the other, his ultimate triumph is anticipated with an energy, that predicts the *reverſe* of theſe tremendous epithets, changing them into all that can ſhed a luſtre round his brow, and ſecure his immortality.

The author of the "Short Review" is in the *favourable* phalanx, and conſiders him as the perſon who has been ſelected by party violence for its moſt inveterate attacks. The author's pencil, kindling to its ſublimeſt glow in the deſcription, colours the late Governor of Bengal as the man who ſuſtained the honour of the Engliſh name and arms over all Aſia and the Eaſt—who, amidſt a ſcene of anarchy, ſucceſsfully oppoſed within the limits

limits of his juriſdiction, the efforts of domeſtic faction, interior rebellion, and external hoſtility—and who deſerves the protection of the ſtate, for having manifeſtly preſerved and ſuſtained the empire.

Nor is this all; that diligent, generous, manly, and at the ſame time, *independent* friend of the Governor General, Major Scott, hath, with a laudable zeal and accuracy, confirmed his own evidence by collecting the teſtimony of other high and eminent authorities. The ſenſe entertained of the ſuffering Patriot's public ſervices, by a Hardinge and a Camden, are thus eloquently and honourably recorded. What,—ſaid the former, in his animated and memorable ſpeech, —what ſhall be ſaid of that *great* and *good* man, Mr. Haſtings?—— Mr. Haſtings the now delinquent.

Long

Long the ſervant of the Company, he has *lived* but for them, and the Public united with them; ſuſtaining the moſt arduous conqueſts, with enemies on every ſide, and with factions at his own board? The Chatham of the Eaſt; an equal ſpirit of enterprize, the ſame reſources, commanding genius, enlarged conceptions, and purity of character, will make both of them the *Idols of Poſterity*; when their little adverſaries ſhall be too obſcure, even for infamy to record them?—Mr. Hardinge's noble alliance, in ſanction of all this—a ſanction of as much moral and political weight, as grateful England—who has long known and felt his talents and his virtues—hath to give any of her ſons—ſcrupled not to pronounce, that Mr. Haſtings was the life and ſoul of our ſucceſs in India.——Shall all theſe ſacred authorities—theſe, and a thou-

ſand more, of as proud deſcent as theſe—which might be adduced—be called by the clamorous opponents, the declamation of the lawyer, whoſe buſineſs it is, like Belial, "to make "the worſe appear the better rea- "ſon?" Will the furious debaters of St. Stephen's chapel bring *this* charge againſt the orators of Weſt-minſter-hall? If, diveſted of their uſual policy, their deſperation ſhould get the better of their prudence, the moſt *determined aſp of oppoſition*, whoſe every word is a poiſon, and whoſe every wiſh, the violent death of an enemy—even Mr. Francis, will admit, that if the accuſation applies to one houſe, it doth to another.—If Mr. Hardinge and the Earl of Camden, ſtained neither in private nor in public life, with one debaſing, time-ſerving, or proſtitute act, have, inſtead of giving the convictions of

the

the head, and feelings of the heart, only *declaimed* in favour of Mr. Haſtings; what have *they* been doing, whoſe names are not yet preſerved in the ſacred archives of their country for any thing, which, after the political bubble of the hour is burſt, ſhall make either their lives remembered, or their deaths regretted?—appreciate their exiſtence, or embalm their memories *.—In a word, if the voice of virtue, audibly raiſed to vindicate a virtuous man, is not heard, is not venerated, when it declares he poſſeſſes worth, ability, integrity; who will liſten to the hue and cry of a deſperate banditti, foaming about

* Cicero, in his Oration againſt Cæcilius, ſays, "Learn from me, how many qualifications muſt "meet in the man who impeaches another;—firſt, "integrity and unſpotted innocence, for nothing can "be more abſurd, than that a man ſhould impeach "the morals of another, and yet be unable to vindi-"cate his own."

corruption, peculation, treachery, and turpitude?

Yet in this ſtrain, the accuſing ſpirit of party ſtrides on to overwhelm every auſpicious impreſſion—Almoſt at the moment in which we firſt wrote theſe impartial pages, the ſubject was in awful diſcuſſion, in one of the moſt auguſt public aſſemblies of the earth—and an aſtoniſhing blaze of dazzling yet deliberated eloquence, burſt ſuddenly, like a meteor in the night, from one of the moſt formidable ſenators in oppoſition, who, in an addreſs, which both for its natural and artful graces, ſhall be coeval with the paſſions it excited, ſtruck every chord of amazement, admiration, terror, and even common compaſſion. Nor will we ſay Mr. Sheridan was blameable; but, allowing him the liberality he has extended to

others,

others, we will ſuppoſe, he believes Mr. Haſtings as guilty as we believe him otherwiſe; and that conviction has prompted *him* to accuſe the Governor General; but we profeſs to God, we feel as ſincerely in one caſe, as he can do in the other, and this hath induced us to ſtand forth with intrepid aſſurance in his behalf.—— And notwithſtanding the tumultuous enthuſiaſm, which is ſaid to have ſucceeded this miraculous diſplay of eloquence, we will not only venture to join the aſpiring young member Mr. Burgeſs, in his defence of a great and injured man, but have ſtill the conviction in our mind, that Mr. Haſtings's virtues, which have already been more than ſeven times tried in the ordeal, will come forth, like gold from the crucible, pure and unalloyed.

It is, therefore, from ſtill moſt ſincerely believing, that the imputed catalogue of diſhonourable charges—the ſtains to humanity, ſo nervouſly expreſſed by this colleague and co-equal with his friend Mr. Fox, will be found to have no actual exiſtence, that we ſhall boldly and undauntedly ſtand forward as the champions, and have the hardyhood to combat the moſt inveterate antagoniſts of Mr. Haſtings; nay, in a general ſenſe, to diſpute the veracity of the moſt plauſible arguments brought againſt the moral character, or political adminiſtration of Mr. Haſtings: Nor have we the ſmalleſt doubt, but that preponderating evidence, in the progreſs of the buſineſs, will be brought forward to counterpoiſe the mighty maſs of accuſation, and even of *apparent* proof, to which Mr. Sheridan has given ſo ſtupendous a form.

It ſeems to be a deſtiny of the great and illuſtrious, to engender open enemies, or ſecret aſſaſſins; as the ſun, though in himſelf a body of the moſt perfect brightneſs, while he calls into life all that is fair and good in the creation, gives birth to the moſt poiſonous and deteſtible reptiles. It is the very fate of pre-eminent virtue and abilities to pay this tax, not only to vice and unimpreſſive ſtupidity, but to brilliant oppoſition. Of this broad and univerſal truth, every man's recollection, we fear, will furniſh more than one inſtance; but, notwithſtanding all the conſpiracy of the moſt aſtoniſhing talents, of the loudeſt clamour, of the moſt deſperate zeal to criminate and to deſtroy, we do not believe that tradition itſelf, carried back to the earlieſt record, could come forth with an example more virulent in deſign, more dark in motive,

tive, more envenomed in proſecution, nor more incongruous in accuſation, than the Charges for Impeachment of the late Governor General of Bengal.

In thoſe Charges the proofs of inconſiſtency are many, and of eaſy attainment. They were originally brought forward by Edmund Burke, of whoſe virtues and talents we have for many years had ſo exalted an idea, that we are but the more aſtoniſhed, how he could reconcile it to his former ſelf, to be the oſtenſible mover of ſo much political incongruity, and moral unkindneſs.

Although the accuſation which our author has brought againſt this veteran accuſer and ſenator, of poſſeſſing an ill-regulated and eccentric imagination, which frequently dazzles us with an illuſive brilliancy, *muſt be admitted*, WE will ſtep aſide from

the man whom we think Mr. Burke has, by theſe ſplendid faſcinations, injured, and illuſtrate OUR impartiality, even in this trying moment, by doing juſtice to *his* character.

Unwearied perſeverance, manly firmneſs, and upright intentions, however erroneous, are the component parts of Mr. Burke's character. His oratory is commanding, and when his arguments want baſis, they preſent to the mind the idea of the moſt beautiful and apparently ſolid, though in truth unſubſtantial towers, and battlements, palaces and caſtles, which fancy ſometimes builds in the clouds—and though they loſe ſomething of their exquiſite colouring every moment, tint fainting after tint, till they leave not a trace behind, we cannot but regret their departure, and wiſh new fabricks, however ærial,

may ſoon ſucceed. We know it to be deception, but are delighted to be ſo well deceived. His private life, notwithſtanding the voluminous effuſions which at different times have appeared, the operation of party or of prejudice, is without a ſtain—as a ſenator, though he labours under the diſadvantage, and a great one it is, of being ſeen and heard till he is faded, and in ſome ſort worn down in the public eye, he *is* ſtill calculated to add ſtrength to his party, and *is* an object of conſiderable magnitude—even amongſt thoſe who are in the habit of expecting from him an unabridged harangue as a *thing of courſe*. But the ſhades in this portrait are a love of diſputation, an incorrigible promptitude to harangue,—a *mania* of debate, and a ſettled reſolve to get upon his legs,—kindle, like a chariot wheel, in his motion, and heat into a po-

a political paroxiſm, till he is abſolutely conſumed, by turning too long and with too much velocity round his own axis. Were it not for theſe inveterate habits, we ſhould be even *loſt in wonder*, how ſuch a man could be the elaborate accuſer of Warren Haſtings.

We have already obſerved, the powers of language are very ſeductive, often covering, and not ſeldom deſtroying the ſtrongeſt facts; as a redundance of foliage, however gloſſy and attracting, both conceals and ſpoils the faireſt fruit: and, indeed, were we ſometimes to ſtrip the arguments of Mr. Burke of their luxuriant leaves, which are thickly growing, and ſhedding an umbrageous ſhade over every period, we ſhould, in this inſtance more eſpecially, have a poor, an unpromiſing, and chill

 diſplay

diſplay of thoſe ſolid facts, which are unqueſtionably the fruit of the mind.

To go into the detail, and follow this ingenious perſecutor through all the mazes of accuſation, would be an endleſs labour. It will be ſufficient, to point out ſome of the moſt glaring inconſiſtencies in what are called the *articles:* and here we will ſtop as we paſs, to gather one more rhetorical flower from the intellectual garden of Mr. Burke;—where, as we have already obſerved, tropes and figures, ſimilies and alluſions, at once "ſublime and beautiful," ſpring up on every ſide, fit for every uſe, and ready cut and dried to adorn his parliamentary harangues.—Although we admit, that the genius and fancy of this word-loving magician, has twined wreathes of eloquence around every Article, till each looks compact and ſtrong,

ſtrong, they are but like the bloom, which appears upon the cheek of a body embalmed, amuſingly cheating the eye with an image of health, but which tumbles into duſt on the ſlighteſt touch.

In a full and candid Review of the accuſations, of the defence, of the different parliamentary inveſtigations, and of various other documents, it appears very plainly, that the Governor General has been vehemently blamed, and violently praiſed, for the ſame actions.—He has been accuſed of entering into a war, which he was deſired to proſecute with the utmoſt vigour;—of diſobeying directions, which, in caſe of exigence, he was ordered to diſregard, and follow the providence of his own judgment;—of paſſing the limits, which his employers allowed were not to be deem-

ed

ed ſpecial beyond a certain line, being ſubject ever to the variation of circumſtances, which even at the moment of their being ſuppoſed in one attitude, might be changed to another diametrically oppoſite.

Mr. Haſtings is charged with a predetermination, thoroughly to exterminate the Rohillas, after having, on various authority, which appeared to the whole court, unqueſtionably ſhewn the abſolute neceſſity, either of their extirpation or ſubjugation. He is deeply arraigned with the effuſion of human blood, without an iota of ſolid evidence adduced, that he ſhed a ſingle drop, in the cruelty of nature, or in the wantonneſs of dominion: he is ſtigmatized with having commenced acts of hoſtility, and conſequent ſlaughter, againſt thoſe who never injured his employers, or thoſe

under guarantee of its protection, and yet Sir R. Barker ſays, neither promiſes nor oaths had been able to bind this treacherous nation of the Rohillas to any of their engagements. He is even accuſed, of having propoſed the acquiſition of forty lacks of Rupees for the Company, in relief of their diſtreſſes, and though he received the thanks of the aſſembled Court of Directors, for theſe ſacrifices of *himſelf* to his employers:—and ſtill more extravagant, he is condemned, for puniſhing thoſe repeated breaches of good faith, which if left unpuniſhed, muſt have been of the worſt conſequence.

The enterprizes and meaſures of Mr. Haſtings have all terminated in ſucceſs, yet he hath been, and is ſtill, more ſorely inveighed againſt, than if they had all ended in diſgrace and defeat.

He

He has left a great and valuable branch of the empire, committed to his charge, in a ſtate far more proſperous than he found it, and yet he is branded with every epithet, that the moſt hardened infamy alone could juſtify. He is accuſed of having reprimanded Colonel Champion, for his humane endeavours to prevent in future, the diſhonour and violations, which were ſaid to be committed by the Nabob of Oude, againſt the princeſs Begum, and other women of high rank, though it has been proved, he wrote expreſsly, and in the ſtrongeſt language of humanity and of the affections, to remonſtrate againſt every act of wanton violence; nay, to enjoin the gentleſt treatment of a vanquiſhed enemy.—He has even been charged with the crime, of not ſuffering provinces to fall into the hands of our enemies, and of not increaſing their

power

power againſt ourſelves :—of not giving them to one prince, to weaken our alliance with another :—of not entruſting letters, unneceſſary to be communicated, to the mercy of a foe, thro' whoſe territory they muſt have paſſed. —He is loaded with imputed guilt for ſtrengthening our alliance, by an act of kindneſs to Shujah Dowla, who by the ceſſion of theſe provinces, became a ſupport to *us*, inſtead of being one to the Marattas, our enemies.

In addition to theſe comments on the general inconſiſtency of the charges, we will ſubjoin a few obſervations on the rapacious fury and indecent violence, with which the perſecution, for ſo we think it may well be termed, has been conducted.

So deeply is the honour of humanity involved in the Charges againſt

Mr. Haſtings, that every humane and intelligent mind, when diſpaſſionately employed in the inveſtigation of them, muſt neceſſarily, for the credit of our common nature, feel the wiſh to find the evidence fall ſhort of the guilt, which it is adduced to eſtabliſh. But when we reflect, that Mr. Haſtings is accuſed of the moſt unprovoked and unmanly cruelty, of the moſt wanton and grinding oppreſſion, of the moſt profligate and deſtructive tyranny, of the moſt unbounded and flagrant rapacity; and that with all theſe crimes upon his head, he was ſuffered to continue in the character of Governor General of Bengal, and armed with its powers, *even for many years after the imputed commiſſion of ſome of theſe crimes*; that upon his quitting that country, he was addreſſed by its natives—by the ſoldiery—by all deſcriptions of people, in terms

terms the moſt grateful to the feelings, and moſt concluſive of his having deſerved well of his country, by a faithful diſcharge of the duties of a ſituation, ſurrounded with all the difficulties which envy, malice, or uncharitableneſs could conjure up againſt him; that upon his arrival in this country, he was met with the thanks—the almoſt adoration, of his immediate employers, and countenanced even by his ſovereign:—when we reflect upon theſe circumſtances, this almoſt omnipotent body of evidence in his behalf, we cannot pauſe, in pronouncing the character, the honour, the very humanity, of ſo many to be intimately connected with that of Mr. Haſtings, that from reſpect thereto, we ought, indeed are bound, to require very ſtrong proofs (and ſuch as have not yet been adduced) to remove from our minds

that conviction of *unimpeachable* integrity, which riſes from ſo powerful a combination of favourable circumſtances. When, farther, we reflect, that the Charges relate to a diſtant period, and reſpect a country governed by different laws, influenced by different habits, and coloured by different opinions, we muſt neceſſarily lament the impoſſibility of poſſeſſing our minds of all thoſe ingredients and particulars, which may have entered, by the ſanction both of public wiſdom and private virtue, into the motives of his conduct, and which only can furniſh the grounds of exact judgment and complete conviction. We would not be underſtood as even hinting, that any allowance ought to be made for difference of government, habits, and opinions; if a wanton and unprovoked departure from the principles of juſtice and humanity,

humanity, which ought to be conſidered as co-extenſive with creation, could be brought home to Mr. Haſtings; for however ſpeculative philoſophy may buſy itſelf, in aſſigning to particular countries particular ſyſtems of morality, we ſcruple not to place in the front of our appeal to the underſtandings and juſtice of the people of England, our expreſs and unqualified admiſſion, that no individual can intitle himſelf to their indulgence, who has wantonly ſwerved from thoſe rules, which reaſon, truth, humanity, and conſcience, in every ſituation uniformly and invariably preſcribe. But we repeat, that we are bound in juſtice, as we muſt be diſpoſed by inclination, to require the laſt degree of evidence, to eſtabliſh Charges, which, removing the generally deemed *limits* of human depravity, involve in them imputations,

tions, not more fatal to the individual than diſgraceful to the ſpecies. And how is this laſt degree of evidence to be acquired? Not by indecent clamour—not by obſtreperous mirth, interſperſed with violent aſſeverations to the Deity—mixing things ſacred and prophane — blending witticiſms with texts of ſcripture, and ribald alluſions with awful appeals to the majeſty of heaven :—the laſt degree of evidence, in a Britiſh Houſe of Commons, trying a great and diſtinguiſhed character, — " who has done the " ſtate eſſential ſervice," is not to be ſo acquired. The ſubject is allowed on all hands to be of the utmoſt importance, and ſhould be entered upon, ſo as neither to ſet the Houſe in a roar, by ſallies of humour, as at the exhibition of a mock trial in a farce, nor an attempt upon its ſenſibility, or practiſing on its paſſions, by tragic

tragic delineations, which overcharge the truth,—but ſoberly, temperately, chaſtely, and like Men trying a Man. We are bound to proportion our doubts to the ſize of the enormities, and to reject every degree of evidence which falls ſhort of that, which, by precluding the poſſibility of innocence, impreſſes our minds with the moſt complete conviction of guilt.—Reſpectful confidence pronounces it impoſſible, that a Delinquent ſo marked, ſo monſtrous, could find favour with his Sovereign;—or what is the dreadful inference? —— National pride revolts at the idea, that a truſt of ſuch magnitude, ſuch ſacred importance, could have been ſuffered to remain in hands ſo notoriouſly abuſing it, ſo contaminated by corruption, ſo ſpotted by blood.

We

We are aware, that when the day of trial ſhall be arrived, theſe latter conſiderations ought not to weigh a ſingle feather in the ſcale of juſtice; nor do we uſe them with a view, that they ſhould be received, even at this time, as more than preſumptions, but ſtrong ones, of innocence;—preſumptions, which ought to guard the public mind againſt the violence of declamation, or the miſrepreſentations of prejudice; — preſumptions, which, ſtrengthened by the humane principle of our law, that every man ſhall be conſidered completely innocent till proved abſolutely guilty.

Theſe conſiderations ought to ſecure to Mr. Haſtings the moſt anxious attention of the public, that the proceedings againſt him do in no particular deviate from thoſe which reaſon and juſtice have marked out.

If

If Mr. Haſtings is guilty, let him meet the puniſhment due to guilt, and let the latter be proportioned to the former; but let him meet it in ſuch a ſhape, that even himſelf ſhall not dare to queſtion the majeſty of Juſtice when ſhe inflicts it.—But as no power can ſuſpend, ſo neither ought prejudice to anticipate that deciſion:—it ought to flow from facts too ſtubborn to yield to the powers of eloquence, and too concluſive to need them. Allowing to the original Mover of this maſs of accuſation all that is due to integrity, and to his friends all that is due to great and matchleſs abilities, we complain, that the integrity of the one, and the abilities of the others, have conſpired to place Mr. Haſtings, at this moment, in a ſituation very different from that in which he ought to ſtand. The ſituation in which he ought to ſtand is

that, in which the operation of the fair principle we have already ſtated, would neceſſarily fix him: — a principle, founded on the moſt perfect humanity, and directed to the nobleſt aims of juſtice;—the baſis of our law—the glory of our land—*till guilt is proved, innocence ſhall be preſumed.* The proceeding which breaks in upon that principle, whether adopted in miſtaken favour, or in rancorous malevolence, is equally fatal to the individual, and to the ends of public juſtice. Whether ſuch has been the proceeding of the Houſe of Commons againſt Mr. Haſtings, and whether he is likely in any meaſure to ſuffer by it, when arraigned at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, are queſtions much more important, than even the guilt or innocence of the party accuſed; for the principle which humanity ſuggeſts, and which reaſon preſcribes,

ſcribes, as indiſpenſible to juſtice, cannot be loſt ſight of, without expoſing the *national character* to imputations infinitely more ſerious, than even thoſe apprehended from the crimes of which Mr. Haſtings is charged, eſcaping with impunity.

In applying, therefore, this glorious principle of Britiſh law, and Britiſh humanity, to Mr. Haſtings, the firſt queſtion is,—

Have the Charges againſt Mr. Haſtings been proved? No.

Is * he in the eye of the law innocent? Yes.

Are

* In another ſtage of the buſineſs, ſhould the foaming diſtraction of party obſtinately perſiſt to make this their parliamentary mountain bring forth a political mouſe,—for without being oracular, we may predict, no greater will be the magnitude of the abor-

Are the minds of thoſe who may hereafter ſit in judgment upon him, totally free from prejudice, ariſing out of all theſe indirect methods, and parliamentary phrenzies? Certainly not.

Should any inferences of guilt, then, be drawn by any of his future judges, from the irregular and inflammatory proceedings paſt or preſent, can Mr. Haſtings, as might the meaneſt object of the community, ob-

tion of this almoſt *nine years labour*,—we will then conſider the unfairneſs and inequity of the proceedings in a *judicial* and *legal* ſenſe; by which it will be manifeſt, that the majeſty of juſtice has been flagrantly outraged, by trying to make a man condemn himſelf,—by firſt driving him, prematurely, into his defence, and then caſuiſtically playing upon its words, and frittering away its ſpirit; and laſtly, by making Mr. Haſtings furniſh arms againſt Mr. Haſtings, in an act of political ſuicide; which is certainly the laſt evidence that ought to have been reſorted to, to ſubſtantiate guilt.

ject

ject to their ſitting in judgment with minds already decided on his guilt? Certainly not.

It is reaſonable enough to believe, that the parliamentary inflammations which have been produced, and are ſtill carrying on, by the determined party, have a tendency to create prejudices, inauſpicious to the intereſts of juſtice, even when her awful virtue ſhall be ſummoned to the bar of a more ſolemn and deciſive tribunal.—The poiſon is ſtrong and ſubtle, but the antidote is near, and armed with victorious omnipotence: when queſtions, which one might have expected to depend ſolely upon facts in their bare ſtatement,—facts ſufficiently concluſive, to preclude the neceſſity of argument,—require a ſpeech, for which the ſpeaker had, perhaps, been in oratorical training the whole ſummer

mer receſs,—required a ſpeech of five hours and forty minutes, aided by the moſt formidable abilities, that ever diſtinguiſhed a public accuſer,—where the circumſtances were involved in no legal intricacy, and the queſtions ſimply—" Were the Begums plundered " of their treaſure? by whom? and " for what cauſe?"—It is evidently a piece of as hard work, and predetermined drudgery, as ever was undertaken within the walls of the Houſe of Commons.—Plain facts, like true beauty, are, to apply the language of the poet,

" When unadorn'd, adorn'd the moſt."

They ſtand not in need of the laborious exertions,—of theſe waſtings of the midnight taper.—Enormous delinquency, ſurrounded by ſtrong evidences, is a glaring object, whoſe prominency of feature, every eye may

may diſcover at a glance, and every heart diſdain the moment it is beheld.

" Vice is an object of ſuch frightful mien,
" That to be hated, needs but to be *ſeen*;"

but the deſtruction of a virtuous man, whom the intereſts and the reputation, the fame and the fortune of half the Houſe were concerned to *make* vicious, — demanded all the addreſs of ſophiſtry, the verſatility of genius, the brighteſt flaſhes of wit, and the loudeſt vollies of declamation.

In Mr. Sheridan's ſpeech, as warm an appeal was made to the paſſions, as the moſt artful and malevolent views could poſſibly have deſigned; and though we have already declared, we do not mean to impeach the ſpeaker's motives, we cannot reconcile withour ideas, either of political, legal, or moral juſtice, the recurring

to thoſe powers, under which innocence itſelf might have fallen.

Notwithſtanding this furious ſiege, —this wordy war,—Mr. Haſtings, ſeems to be a great and good man ſtill;—a man, who, in a very difficult ſituation, acted as wiſely, and as worthily, as the nature of the ſituation admitted. His government has been fortunate to his country, but by no means (notwithſtanding the length of his reſidence, and the variety of his opportunities) productive of riches to himſelf. Comparatively with many of his predeceſſors, he has returned to his native country by no means ſo enormouſly rich, as an enormouſly guilty man ought to be. —The bloom of his life, paſt in the torrid zone, has been devoted to public ſervice, and his labours in the cauſe of the Eaſt-India Company

pany unwearied—The intereſt of his employers ſeems to have been, on all occaſions, the grand object: Perhaps, he ſometimes maintained their intereſts vigorouſly, but had it not been for that exertion, their rights muſt have been loſt. As a public character, his faith has been inviolate, his authority, in all practicable inſtances, mild and equitable, his obedience, as far as the ſalvation of his charge would allow, correct. In his private character, we find a combination of thoſe amiable and ineſtimable qualities, which of themſelves are ſo many evidences, that plead angel-tongued againſt his bittereſt accuſers. Incorruptible integrity, accurate principles, melting humanity, and a diſpoſition that endears him to every relative, every friend, even down to the humbleſt of his dependents, (and ſuch are well known

to be the component parts of his mind) are, we believe, unheard-of ingredients in the compoſition of a wretch, who has delighted in the oppreſſion of the defenceleſs, the tears of the unhappy, and the blood of the innocent. Such a man, inſtead of being compared by the orator to the writhing obliquity of the ſerpent, in which every motion is a deviation from rectitude; is, ſurely, better intitled to the ſimile of the ſwift directneſs of the arrow: for if at any time he deviated from the ſtraight line, it appears to have been extorted neceſſity, which thruſt him into a curve, and that he always got back again to his natural evenneſs, whenever he could:—the beſt proof of which is,—and it is a proof, that at this time, ought to ſink deep into every heart,—that inſtead of the oppreſſed parents, plundered princeſſes, famiſhed,

famiſhed ladies, and fettered attendants, crouding together, like a flock of reſiſtleſs birds, on ſeeing the felon kite, as they are repreſented, with fluttering trepidation, in Mr. Sheridan's alluſion,—theſe very people, ſo fettered, famiſhed, and plundered, have never uttered one complaint, or ſent one execration after this unparalleled monſter, who combines the coldneſs of the Italian fraud with the ſubtle treachery of Machiavel, and unites, as we are told, the meanneſs of the trickſter, with the baſeneſs of the traitor. Complicated as this infamy appears, Mr. Haſtings ſeems to us the *laſt of created beings*, to deſerve theſe imputations on the character of man; and we verily believe, there exiſts not a human being leſs likely to extort the groan of want, and the tear of woe, or more thoroughly

diſpoſed to prevent the one, or dry up the other.

Upon the whole, therefore, ſuch is our faith, ſuch our conviction, that, while we honour, ſcarcely on this ſide idolatry, the wonderful young ſenator, who, thinking and feeling oppoſitely, has feelingly and oppoſitely ſpoken on the ſubject of Mr. Haſtings, in language almoſt beyond the reach of humanity in its happieſt and moſt animated moment,—*we* look forward with an aſſured confidence, that the man ſo degraded, arraigned, and diſgraced, by a complication of charges, which create a ſhudder but to think of, or hear them related, will come forth to the ſatisfaction of his judges,—his friends,—his enemies,—his king,—his country,—and of *all mankind*, as one who has acted all along on the moſt diſ-

tinguiſhed principles of good faith, equity, moderation, and meekneſs.

With *ſuch an impreſſion* on our *minds*, the God of heaven forbid, we ſhould baſely abandon a cauſe, which we believe to be righteous, or take an unfriendly bias from any oppoſite opinions: when a different feeling, proceeding from conviction of a very different kind, ſanctions our deſertion, neither the collected nor the plundered treaſures of the Eaſt, ſhould urge us to ſtep betwixt Mr. Haſtings and the accumulated hiſſes of ſociety.—For a fair and natural opening here preſenting itſelf, we will take occaſion, in the cloſe of theſe pages to ſay,—which we do laying our hands on our boſoms, and we truſt our ſentiments riſe in ſupport of the aſſertion,—that we have not been ſwayed by one ſiniſter motive,—that we

we are ſuperior to the vileneſs of faction—too proud to court, too honeſt to adulate, and governed only by feelings that are genuine, uncontaminated, and incorruptable.

FINIS.

In the PRESS, and ſpeedily will be PUBLISHED,

VOLUME THE FIRST,

THE DEBATES

Of the preſent Seſſion of Parliament.

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE.

Of whom may be had,

THE DEBATES of the LORDS and COMMONS of the laſt Seſſion; neatly printed in Three Volumes, Octavo, half-bound and lettered, Price 1l. 1s.

Alſo the DEBATES of any of the preceding Seſſions, printed in the ſame elegant and uniform Manner.

Juſt

Juſt Publiſhed by JOHN STOCKDALE, Piccadilly.

In Two large Volumes Octavo, Price 12 s. in Boards,

THE WORKS of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
Volumes XII. and XIII.

Alſo the Works of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. In Thirteen Volumes, Price 3l. 18s. in Boards, or elegantly Calf gilt 4l. 17s. 6d.

The above Two Volumes compleat Dr. Johnſon's former Editions as well as the preſent, they never having been publiſhed before but in Fragments.

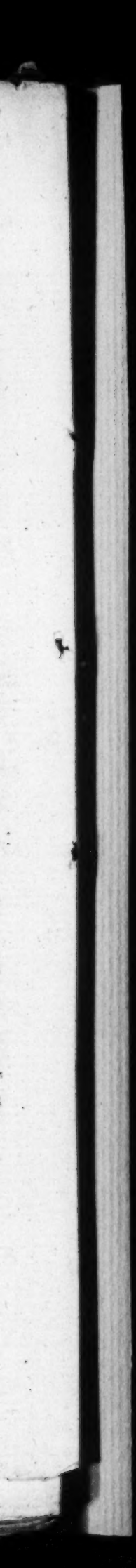
A BRIEF ESSAY on the Advantages and Diſadvantages which reſpectively attend France and Great-Britain, with regard to Trade. By JOSIAH TUCKER, Dean of Glouceſter. Price 2s.

THE SPEECH, Delivered by Order and in the Preſence of the KING in the Aſſembly of the NOTABLES, held at Verſailles, Feb. 22, 1787, by M. DE CALONNE, Comptroller General of the Finances; to which is prefixed the King's Speech. Price 1s. 6d.

An

An ESTIMATE of the COMPARATIVE STRENGTH of GREAT-BRITAIN, during the preſent and four preceding Reigns; and of the Loſſes of her Trade from every War ſince the Revolution. New modelled and continued to 1785. By George Chalmers, Eſq; Price 3s. 6d. ſewed, or 5s. calf, lettered.

Hiſtorical Tracts: by Sir John Davies, Attorney-General, and Speaker of the Houſe of Commons in Ireland; conſiſting of, 1. A Diſcovery of the true Cauſe why Ireland was never brought under Obedience of the Crown of England. 2. A Letter to the Earl of Saliſbury, on the State of Ireland in 1607. 3. A Letter to the Earl of Saliſbury in 1610, giving an account of the Plantation in Ulſter. 4. A Speech to the Lord Deputy in 1613, tracing the ancient Conſtitution of Ireland. To which is prefixed, a new Life of the Author, from authentic Documents, in one Volume Octavo. Price 5s. in Boards.



PROJECT: MH-H *EC75.M7731.782n
ESTC
☐ RP Filming
☐ Library Filming

research publications, inc.

Author:

Moody, James, Lieutenant.

Title:

Lieut. James Moody's narrative of his exertions and sufferings in the casue of government, since the year 1776.

London, 1782.
59,[1]p.; 8°
Other Shelf Marks:

N012421

OUT TO RP:
IN TO LIBRARY:
RP Reel No.: 138-23
RP ID No.: 03H021437-003

REJECTED:
☐ Tight Bindings ☐ Not on Shelf ☐ Fragile ☐ Library Archival Film

FILMING COPY